

Turne him to any Cause of Pollicy,
The Gordian Knot of it he will vnloose,
Familiar as his Garter: that when he speaks,
The Ayre, a Charter'd Libertine, is still,
And the mute Wonder lurketh in mens eares,
To steale his sweet and honied Sentences:
So that the Art and Practique part of Life,
Must be the Mistresse to this Theorique.
Which is a wonder how his Grace should gleane it,
Since his addiction was to Courtes vaine,
His Companies vnletter'd, rude, and shallow,
His Houres fill'd vp with Ryots, Banquets, Sports;
And neuer noted in him any Studie,
Any retyrement, any sequestration,
From open Haunts and Popularity.

B. Ely. The Strawberry growes vnderneath the Nettle,
And holefome Berrys thrue and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by Fruit of baser qualitie:
And so the Prince obscur'd his Contemplation
Vnder the Veyle of Wildnesse, which (no doubt)
Grew like the Summer Grass, fastest by Night,
Vnseene, yet cressiue in his facultie.

B. Cant. It must be so; for Miracles are ceast:
And therefore we must needs admit the meanes,
How things are perfected.

B. Ely. But my good Lord:
How now for mitigation of this Bill,
Vrg'd by the Commons? doth his Maiestie
Incline to it, or no?

B. Cant. He feesmes indifferent:
Or rather swaying more vpon our part.
Then cherishing th'exhibitors against vs:
For I haue made an offer to his Maiestie,
Vpon our Spirituall Conuocation,
And in regard of Causes now in hand,
Which I haue open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France, to giue a greater Summe,
Then euer at one time the Clergie yet
Did to his Predecessors part withall.

B. Ely. How did this offer seeme receiv'd, my Lord?

B. Cant. With good acceptance of his Maiestie:
Saue that there was not time enough to heare,
As I perceiv'd his Grace would faine haue done,
The feueralls and vnhidden passages
Of his true Titles to some certaine Dukedomes,
And generally, to the Crowne and Seat of France,
Deri'd from *Edward*, his great Grandfather.

B. Ely. What was th'impediment that broke this off?

B. Cant. The French Embassador vpon that instant
Crau'd audience; and the howe I thinke is come,
To giue him hearing: Is it foure a Clock?

B. Ely. It is.

B. Cant. Then goe we in, to know his Embassie:
Which I could with a ready guesse declare,
Before the Frenchman speake a word of it.

B. Ely. He wait vpon you, and I long to heare it.

Exeunt.

*Enter the King, Humfrey, Bedford, Clarence,
Warwick, Westmerland, and Exeter.*

King. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Exeter. Not here in presence.

King. Send for him, good Vncle.

Westm. Shall we call in th' Ambassador, my Liege?

King. Not yet, my Cousin: we would be resolu'd,
Before we heare him, of some things of weight,
That taske our thoughts, concerning vs and France.

Enter two Bishops.

B. Cant. God and his Angels guard your sacred Throne,
And make you long become it.

King. Sure we thanke you.

My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
And iustly and religiously vnfold,
Why the Law *Salique*, that they haue in France,
Or should or should not barre vs in our Clayme:
And God forbid, my deare and faithfull Lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your readings,
Or nicely charge your vnderstanding Soule,
With opening Titles miscreate, whose right
Sutes not in native colours with the truth:
For God doth know, how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reuerence shall incite vs to.

Therefore take heed how you impawne our Person,
How you awake our sleeping Sword of Warre;
We charge you in the Name of God take heed:
For neuer two such Kingdomes did contend,
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltlesse drops
Are euery one, a Woe, a sore Complaint,
Gainst him, whose wrongs giues edge vnto the Swords,
That makes such waste in briefe mortalitye.

Vnder this Coniuration, speake my Lord:

For we will heare, note, and beleue in heart,
That what you speake, is in your Conscience wast,
As pure as sinne with Baptisme.

B. Cant. Then heare me gracious Soueraigne, & you Peers,
That owe your selues, your liues, and seruices,
To this Imperiall Throne. There is no barre
To make against your Highnesse Clayme to France,
But this which they produce from *Pharamond*,
In terram Salicam Mulieres ne succedant,

No Woman shall succeed in *Salique* Land:
Which *Salique* Land, the French vniustly gloze.

To be the Realme of France, and *Pharamond*

The founder of this Law, and Female Barre.

Yet their owne Authors faithfully affirme,
That the Land *Salique* is in Germanie,

Betweene the Plouds of Sala and of Elue:

Where *Charles* the Great hauing subdu'd the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certaine French:

Who holding in disdain the German Women,
For some dishonest manners of their life,

Establisht then this Law; to wit, No Female
Should be Inheritor in *Salique* Land:

Which *Salique* (as I said) twixt Elue and Sala,
Is at this day in Germanie, call'd *Meisen*.

Then doth it well appeare, the *Salique* Law
Was not deuised for the Realme of France:

Nor did the French possesse the *Salique* Land,
Vntill foure hundred one and twentie yeeres

After defunction of King *Pharamond*,
Idly suppos'd the founder of this Law,

Who died within the yeere of our Redemption,
Foure hundred twentie six: and *Charles* the Great

Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the Riuer Sala, in the yeere

Eight hundred fise. Besides, their Writers say,
King *Pepin*, which depose *Childerike*,

Did as Heire Generall, being descended
Of *Blithild*, which was Daughter to King *Clothair*,

Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France,
Hugh Capet also, who vsurpt the Crowne

Of *Charles* the Duke of Loraine, sole Heire male
Of the true Line and Stock of *Charles* the Great:

To find his Title with some shewes of truth,
Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,

Conuey'd himselfe as th' Heire to th' Lady *Lingare*,
Daughter to *Charlemaine*, who was the Sonne

To *Lewes* the Emperour, and *Lewes* the Sonne
Of *Charles* the Great: also King *Lewes* the Tenth,

Who was sole Heire to the vsurper *Capet*,
Could not keepe quiet in his conscience,

Wearing the Crowne of France, till satisfied,
That faire Queene *Isabel*, his Grandmother,

Was Lineall of the Lady *Ermengare*,
Daughter to *Charles* the foresaid Duke of Loraine:

By the which Marriage, the Lyne of *Charles* the Great
Was re-vnited to the Crowne of France.

So, that as cleare as is the Summers Sunne,
King *Pepin* Title, and *Hugh Capets* Clayme,

King *Lewes* his satisfaction, all appeare
To hold in Right and Title of the Female:

So doe the Kings of France vnto this day.
Howbeit, they would hold vp this *Salique* Law,

To barre your Highnesse clayming from the Female,
And rather chuse to hide them in a Net,

Then apply to imbarre their crooked Titles,
Vsurt from you and your Progenitors.

King May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Bish. Cant. The sinne vpon my head, dread Soueraigne:
For in the Booke of *Numbers* is it writ,

When the man dyes, let the Inheritance
Descend vnto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,

Stand for your owne, vnto your bloody Flagge,
Looke back into your mightie Ancestors:

Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandfathers Tombe,
From whom you clayme; inuoke his Warlike Spirit,

And your Great Vnckles, *Edward* the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie,

Making defeat on the full Power of France:
Whiles his most mightie Father on a Hill

Stood smiling, to behold his Lyons Whelp
Forrage in blood of French Nobilitie.

O Noble English, that could entertaine
With halfe their Forces, the full pride of France,

And let another halfe stand laughing by,
All out of worke, and cold for action.

Bish. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant Arme renew their Feats;

You are their Heire, you sit vpon their Throne:
The Blood and Courage that renowned them,

Runs in your Veines: and my thrice-puissant Liege
Is in the very May-Morne of his Youth,

Ripe for Exploits and mightie Enterprises.
Exe. Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth

Doe all expect, that you should rowte your selfe,
As did the former Lyons of your Blood.

West. They know your Grace hath cause, and means, and
So hath your Highnesse: neuer King of England

Had Nobles richer, and more loyall Subiects,
Whose hearts haue left their bodies here in England,

And lye pauillion'd in the fields of France.
Bish. Cant. O let their bodies follow my deare Liege

With Bloods, and Sword and Fire, to win your Right:
In ayde whereof we of the Spiritualltie

Will raise your Highnesse such a mightie Summe,
As neuer did the Clergie at one time

Bring in to any of your Ancestors.

Of *Charles* the Duke of Loraine, sole Heire male
Of the true Line and Stock of *Charles* the Great:
To find his Title with some shewes of truth,
Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
Conuey'd himselfe as th' Heire to th' Lady *Lingare*,
Daughter to *Charlemaine*, who was the Sonne
To *Lewes* the Emperour, and *Lewes* the Sonne
Of *Charles* the Great: also King *Lewes* the Tenth,
Who was sole Heire to the vsurper *Capet*,
Could not keepe quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the Crowne of France, till satisfied,
That faire Queene *Isabel*, his Grandmother,
Was Lineall of the Lady *Ermengare*,
Daughter to *Charles* the foresaid Duke of Loraine:
By the which Marriage, the Lyne of *Charles* the Great
Was re-vnited to the Crowne of France.
So, that as cleare as is the Summers Sunne,
King *Pepin* Title, and *Hugh Capets* Clayme,
King *Lewes* his satisfaction, all appeare
To hold in Right and Title of the Female:
So doe the Kings of France vnto this day.
Howbeit, they would hold vp this *Salique* Law,
To barre your Highnesse clayming from the Female,
And rather chuse to hide them in a Net,
Then apply to imbarre their crooked Titles,
Vsurt from you and your Progenitors.

King May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Bish. Cant. The sinne vpon my head, dread Soueraigne:
For in the Booke of *Numbers* is it writ,

When the man dyes, let the Inheritance
Descend vnto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,

Stand for your owne, vnto your bloody Flagge,
Looke back into your mightie Ancestors:

Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandfathers Tombe,
From whom you clayme; inuoke his Warlike Spirit,

And your Great Vnckles, *Edward* the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie,

Making defeat on the full Power of France:
Whiles his most mightie Father on a Hill

Stood smiling, to behold his Lyons Whelp
Forrage in blood of French Nobilitie.

O Noble English, that could entertaine
With halfe their Forces, the full pride of France,

And let another halfe stand laughing by,
All out of worke, and cold for action.

Bish. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant Arme renew their Feats;

You are their Heire, you sit vpon their Throne:
The Blood and Courage that renowned them,

Runs in your Veines: and my thrice-puissant Liege
Is in the very May-Morne of his Youth,

Ripe for Exploits and mightie Enterprises.
Exe. Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth

Doe all expect, that you should rowte your selfe,
As did the former Lyons of your Blood.

West. They know your Grace hath cause, and means, and
So hath your Highnesse: neuer King of England

Had Nobles richer, and more loyall Subiects,
Whose hearts haue left their bodies here in England,

And lye pauillion'd in the fields of France.
Bish. Cant. O let their bodies follow my deare Liege

With Bloods, and Sword and Fire, to win your Right:
In ayde whereof we of the Spiritualltie

Will raise your Highnesse such a mightie Summe,
As neuer did the Clergie at one time

Bring in to any of your Ancestors.

King. We must not one
But lay downe our propo
Against the Scot, who wil
With all aduantages.

Bish. Cant. They of thof
Shall be a Wall sufficient
Our in-land from the pilfe

King. We do not mean
But feare the maine intenc
Who hath been still a gide
For you shall reade, that n
Neuer went with his forc
But that the Scot, on his v
Came pouring like the Ty
With ample and brim full
Galling the gleaned Land
Girding with grieuous fi
That England being emp
Hath shooke and tremble

B. Cant. She hath bin the m
For heare her but exampl
When all her Cheualrie ha
And thee a mourning Wi
Shee hath her selfe not on
But taken and impounde
The King of Scots: whom
To fill King *Edwards* fame
And make their Chronicle
As is the Owle and botton
With sunken Wrack, and

Bish. Ely. But there's a fa
If that you will France win,
For once the Eagle (Engl
To her vnguarded Nest, th
Comes sneaking, and so fu
Playing the Moufe in abse
To tame and haucke mo
Exet. It follows theu
Yet that is but a crush'd n
Since we haue lockes to fa
And pretty traps to catch
While that the Armed ha
Th'aduis'd head defends
For Gouernment, though
Put into parts, doth keepe
Congreeing in a full and
Like Musicke.

Cant. Therefore doth h
The state of man in diuers
Setting endenour in contr
To which is fixed as an ay
Obedience; for so worke
They haue a King, and Of
Where some like Magist
Others, like Merchants v
Others, like Souldiers ar
Make boote vpon the Su
Which pillage, they with
To the Tear-royal of thei
Who buied in his Maief
The finging Mafons buil
The ciuil Citizens knead
The poore Mechanicke P
Their heavy burthens at